

Friends Hither and Yon

Poems by

L. F. S. Barnard



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POEMS BY

L. F. S. BARNARD

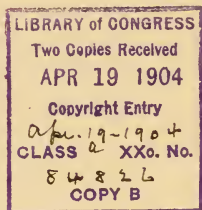


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Figure 1 consists of four scatter plots arranged in a 2x2 grid. The top row shows the relationship between the number of children and the number of mothers for the first birth, and the bottom row shows the relationship for the second birth. The left column shows the relationship for the first birth, and the right column shows the relationship for the second birth. Each plot has 'Number of children' on the x-axis and 'Number of mothers' on the y-axis. The plots show a positive correlation between the number of children and the number of mothers, with the correlation being stronger for the first birth than for the second birth.

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FRIENDS HITHER AND YON

To friends hither and yon I greeting give,
To those on earth, to those above, who live
In realms unknown, I stretch my hand;
'Tis long perhaps since in each other's eyes
We sought the love that we had learned to prize,
And yet, and yet we understand.

We understand that death can never part,
That life may separate awhile, yet heart
Can never lose what it has gained;
That some day we shall stand as long before,
Friends reunited, dearer than of yore,
And all our highest hopes attained.

Till then we dream of these bright days to be,
When we shall face to face each other see;
These friends that ever and anon
Come to our sight, or through our memory drift,
We'll see them all when Death the veil shall lift,
These friends beloved hither and yon.

FRIENDSHIP

A strange, strange thing it seems to me
Is friendship, — this I know, —
Life has no gap, I do not see
That earth can more bestow.

When suddenly eyes look in mine,
And hands are closely clasped,
Heart makes to heart some well-known sign,
New life each form has grasped.

Henceforth from dawn till day is done,
Through every season's change,
Our hearts shall beat almost as one,
And yet it seems so strange !

LOVE IS THE KEY

Love is the key to every human heart ;
Try it, and you will find
That when the lid shall from the casket part
Rich gems are hid behind ;
Long hidden till the rightful key was found,
In shapes long since forgot,
Yet still existing in these depths, still sound,
Without a flaw or spot.

Brought to the sunlight, what a wealth is there
To dazzle and amaze ;
This ruby wondrous, and this pearl so fair,
This diamond's lasting blaze ;
Who would have dreamed it? that this casket
plain
Was heaping to the brim
With jewels rare, and many a sparkling chain,
Whose glow made eyes grow dim?

Wealth in profusion, freely to be won
By him who has the key ;
Jewels of radiance surpassed by none,
Who loves such gems to see?
And yet, the lock cannot be forced ; in vain
Shall robber try his art,
No other key than Love can entrance gain
Into the human heart.

THE CHORD RESPONSIVE

There is a chord responsive in the heart,
Which yields to tender touch,
And into sweetest melody will start,
Who has not listened such?
No clumsy fingers e'er can touch the strings
Which waken it to sound,
But only he who knows the hidden springs
Can stir the depths profound.

'Tis when the master-touch has found the song,
And set the music free,
There comes a sweetness which shall linger long,
And ne'er forgotten be ;
Unto our anxious souls it seems sublime,
So deep the help it brings,
The human heart is helper for all time
To him who knows the springs.

And would you know its music? let it heal
The wounds that life has made?
Then nourish sympathy for all that feel,
And it shall you persuade
There is a chord responsive in the heart,
Though it be mute for long,
And he who knows the hidden springs to start
May listen to its song.

MY FRIEND OF ALL

He whom my silence entertains
Is my best friend of all,
He holds my love, but without chains,
His presence ne'er can pall ;
I love him, yet need not repeat
This saying o'er and o'er,
'Tis always with a smile we meet,
He does not ask for more.

In grief, he leaves me quite alone
Till saddest tears are shed,
He does not o'er my lot bemoan,
Nor hang about my bed ;
But when the sorrow lighter grows
Then comes he back to me,
Making no reference to my woes,
Yet more than kind is he.

He joins me in my joyful days,
His laugh then does me good,
Full many a jesting word he says
To suit my happy mood ;
And bonds, that stronger are than chains,
Him in my heart install,
For whom my silence entertains
Is my best friend of all.

LIFTING THE VEIL

If thou wouldst gain a friend's esteem,
If thou wouldst hold it fast,
Or have his eye upon you beam
With love that e'er shall last,
Oh, when by all but thee forsook,
Then soothe him without fail,
But from his heart's most sacred nook
Dare not to lift the veil.

Guess not his hidden, inmost thought,
Watch not his every move,
Seek not the past deeds he has wrought,
Thy love for him let prove
That thou canst see his well-loved cheek
Grow thin, or often pale,
Yet venture not of it to speak,
Nor dare to lift the veil.

He, if thou provest good and true,
Will draw thee to his breast,
And give thy lips their loving due,
As his on thine are pressed,
His heart will leap unto thine own,
His thoughts their bloom exhale,
And then to thee, to thee alone,
He will lift up the veil.

FRIENDS INDEED

Blessings on those whose faces cheer,
Whose hearts are always gay,
Whose words are loving and sincere,
Whose youth knows not decay;
Whatever be their creed,
These are my friends indeed.

Blessings on them for they can give
A strength to fainting hearts,
A tonic that shall make them live,
And still pain's sudden darts;
Whatever be their creed,
These are my friends indeed.

Blessings on them for they can lend
A smile to all they meet,
It matters not if stranger, friend,
The smile is welcome, sweet;
Whatever be their creed,
These are my friends indeed.

FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE

For friendship's sake I must all things endure,
And all things pardon, that the bond survive;
Though its dear chains of leisure me deprive,
Or hide my merits in a nook obscure, —
Yet still I keep the tie close and secure.
From this, the best of all things, I derive
A strength of heart which makes my being thrive,
And renders earthly life of comfort sure.
I will forgive the little deeds that fret,
The stinging word which makes my heart to ache,
My own like sins I number with regret, —
The quick, sharp phrase that I with rancor spake,
O friends, my thoughtless murmuring forget,
'Tis much we should forgive for friendship's sake.

WITHOUT A FRIEND

Without a friend how lonely earth would be !
From its dark limits I should long to flee,
And seek some other sphere, distant, unknown,
Where heart might keep its flesh nor change to
stone,
Where eyes might loving smiles and glances see !
Nor storms, nor grievous winds should frighten
me !
Nor would I listen unto Fate's decree ;
What would be worth the richest monarch's throne
Without a friend ?

I would sail on to lands from such woe free,
To doubtful charts my brain would find a key,
And by rough winds, or kindly, seek a zone
Where friendship would for greatest ill atone ;
For never yet could heart make jubilee
Without a friend.

SOME ONE REMEMBERS ME

There is a pleasure in the thought,
 " Some one remembers me,"
A warmth unto my heart is brought
 Though small the token be,
My step grows lighter for the joy
 Around me hovering,
And though hard tasks my hands employ
 In happy mood I sing.

A sense of bliss I can't express
 Surrounds me all day long,
Such merry visions come to bless
 The burden of my song,
All evil shuns to-day my path,
 No enemy I see,
This comes to silence sudden wrath,
 " Some one remembers me."

O blessed tie that closely binds
 Our hearts in friendship true,
What bliss within it each one finds,
 Though greetings may be few.
The darkest day in sorrow spent
 Is changed to jubilee,
If, ere the evening sun's descent,
 Some one remembers me.

MINE FOREVER

Down in my heart of hearts I take but few,
 Sealed to me ever,
By storm and time oft tried and yet proved true,
 Mine, mine forever;
I cannot yield them more than they deserve
Of love and duty; proud am I to serve;
 Beyond all measure
 My depth of treasure.

Sometimes within my heart there comes the
 thought,
 “Should aught us sever?”
Unworthy am I, has the Past not taught
 They're mine forever?
Mine as the sunshine and the breeze are mine,
Mine as the gift of God, precious, divine;
 To part with never,
 But mine forever.

And far above the realm of pain and sin,
 And earthly blunder,
I'm lifted by the wealth of love within,
 This lasting wonder;
Deep in my heart of hearts I take but few,
By storm and time oft tried and yet proved true,
 Sealed to me ever,
 Mine, mine forever.

TO THE DYING

Dear friends, unto a distant country going,
Fear not, for all is well,
Though gently now the stream of life is flowing
Forth from its citadel ;
We stand beside your heated pillows believing
That all is for the best,
That from the suffering days that you are leaving
You enter into rest.

We check the tear that to our eyes is springing,
We smile upon you now,
And songs of cheer to you we're brightly singing
The while we bathe your brow ;
We dare not show the slightest sign of grieving
For fear that you may see,
But every moment we would spend relieving
The pain that now must be.

To-morrow, when in tranquil rest you're sleeping,
In peace we may not know,
Then o'er your pillow we'll be bending, weeping,
We need not hide our woe ;
Yet while you linger we conceal our sorrow,
You are with us to-day,
But oh, the loneliness of that to-morrow
When you have gone for aye !

PARTED

Dear heart, I loved you so,
That when you turned to go,
Away from earthly scenes that held you dear,
You took with you some part
Of this I called my heart,
Which henceforth by your side must linger near.

'Twill never more return,
And oftentimes I yearn
To follow after this gone on before ;
Yet here I still remain,
Hoping ere long to gain
The friend who waits me on the further shore.

Days pass, and so must years,
Gone longtime are my fears,
My eyes are turned toward bright lands afar ;
For since you turned to go,
Dear heart, I loved you so,
I long to follow you where'er you are.

'TIS NIGHT BRINGS BACK OUR DEAD

The night brings back to us our dead,
Close to the aching heart ;
Their presence brings no fear, no dread,
But doth sweet peace impart ;
Be it in dream, or waking thought,
We greet each welcome guest,
This is a boon we long have sought,
To clasp them to our breast.

Before the eye-lid droops in sleep,
Wander our thoughts away
To those who no more vigils keep
In weary frames of clay ;
We then recall the well-loved face,
The limpid, truthful eyes,
Which made the earth a pleasant place,
Which cloudless made our skies.

But most in dreams they come to me,
Nor seems it even strange
To meet as ever, fond and free,
And loving thoughts exchange ;
I wake, — and lo ! 'tis dawning day,
The dear-loved friends have fled,
For Morning takes their forms away,
'Tis Night brings back our dead.

FRIENDS BEYOND

To-night I grieve because my friends do go
Before me to that land, of which I know
Naught, save that loved ones ne'er return ;
I feel so lonely as each name I hear
Called off to journey to another sphere
Whose beauties I may not discern.

Sometimes I fear I may be left alone,
With no one near that in the past I've known,
Not one who knew me as a child ;
A stranger I shall be upon this earth,
With not a sound of friendliness or mirth,
While I shall feel as if exiled.

Yet when the day shall come for me to go,
To follow dear ones that I used to know,
Then I shall look for greeting fond ;
With hands outstretched I shall the call obey,
To pass to those who wait across the way,
I shall be glad of friends beyond.



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